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LEADER

M'LE NEW YORK is a light woman—perhaps—

But she sees things and says them; 'tis no ignoble function; she sees the life of this country—the dull melancholiacs in the gray provinces (the lean pessimists of Kansas and the West, the neurotic criminals of the New England countryside), and she sees the paranoiac eddies of the cities—whirlpools of *folie de grandeur*. She sees the millionaires—these fatted tradesmen!—and watches them, as they build hospitals and posture in the churches, bargaining with the pale God for their souls—or robbing on the highway—

(They cant of religion and honesty; they drag their female kind through the baptismal fonts and perfume them with incense; their women—and it is for this very class of men that prostitution exists—they get more than their share of the world's supply of female chastity—they eat it as the lapping seas grind down the crumbling cliffs—)

All this M'LE NEW YORK sees; she sees the dark masses of mankind and recognizes the fact that most workingmen (and the like) are imbecile and but very slightly interesting. They, too, cant and cringe; they, too, are dirty and perverted, since they are controlled by bribery and the terrorism of money, instead of being kept in place by sworded and arrogant power.

(This is a commercial nation. Its commerce is built upon roguery; its government is the handmaid of its dishonest commerce. John Jay Chapman has said: "The people of the United States are notably and peculiarly dishonest in financial matters." The ironic foreigner laughs at the American's word of honour. The highest compliment one can pay an American business man is to say that he is successfully dishonest. This nation worships Christ upon His cross—but with greater fervour it worships the two thieves on their crosses to right and left. Not Christ—but the thief on the cross. Always universal suffrage has preferred a galley-slave to the Son of God.)

And M'LE NEW YORK sees the democratic hatred of the individual that is the chief mark of this drab, commercial civilization. Always democracy has irksomely groomed the rough-coated horse. Always democracy has hated the individual; always it has made it its business to castrate the thinkers.

(Dear God! the crowned and laureled eunuchs of American literature—professors with dandruff on the coat-collar, and bearded ladies, and the chaste, panteletted spinsters, and the little, hairy poets, all hungry and timid and all bought and sold—)

A nation that is intellectually dishonest, that dare not think, that dare not speak its thought, that lies when it avers and deceives when it takes oath; a nation that has trafficked so long in lies it knows not the truth—would not know it though it should float like the soap in its bath-tub.

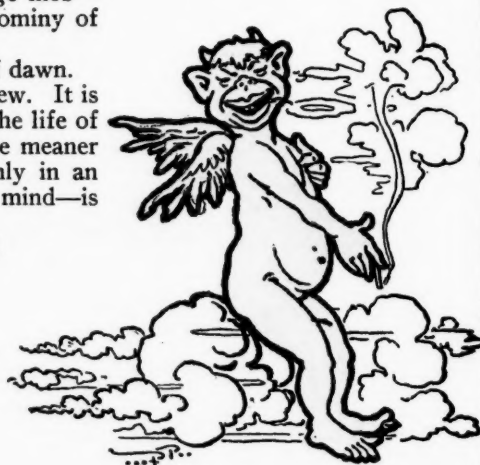
(Every street leads to another street; to-day is but the vestibule of to-morrow; out of democracy there will come—as always there has come—the strength and might of some puissant aristocracy. Already the sword is being ground, and it is a sword that thirsts for blood and sparkles with desire.)

It would be absurd to fancy that this cringing, gentility-mad civilization is to last very long; that it is the business of humanity to produce this huge mob—always mediocre—of fat-witted and unviolent citizens. The actual ignominy of equality is not a permanent doom. The new day is edging up—

M'LE NEW YORK sees what is and is not blind to the intimations of dawn.

The social good is not the work of the masses, but the work of the few. It is only by the few and the superior that a nation counts in history and in the life of humanity. The hypocrisy of liberalism, the ignominy of democracy, the meaner baseness of socialism are futile and discarded modes of thought. Only in an aristocracy—an aristocracy of the sparkling sword and the dominant mind—is there a germ of progress, a desire of ascension.

(The artist's chief ambition—it should be to gain the hatred of fools.)



In one of his grave prefaces Mr. Lingwood Evans boasts of being a gentleman, but he bears, I observe, a plain point sanguine in his arms, which is a suspicious abatement. Perhaps it is a question of little moment. Mr. Evans was born in New York about thirty-five years ago. For the last ten years he has lived abroad. Since 1894 he has resided in Melbourne, Australia, and his books are published by McEwen & Evans, of that city. And his work, it seems to me, is coloured with Australian thought—the recklessness, fervour and *ennui* that make the poems of Lindsay Gordon strangely notable in modern literature.

A strange and reckless poet, this—

Reckless and weary of life, as Cybele amid the felled pine trees and fierce trumpets of the castrate priests. A woodcut of Lingwood Evans lies on my writing table. 'Tis a strong and brutal face, with the jowls of a prize fighter. (The hair of the man is red.) That he should have chanted sombre and violent strophes of revolt would seem reasonable; he has written "The Father of Livor," a book of strange fervours and shy and mystic impulses—a book so extraordinary that I hardly know how to describe it. Has he genius? That dolorous flower (*la plus belle fleur du mal*, O Baudelaire!) of modern, sated life? Yes, he has genius, very fine in quality and eminently individual. Compared with him the little creatures of the Bodley Head dwindle to mere dwarfs—and vanish, squeaking and gibbering. His strength is that of the proud Belgian poets. He has scaled the heights of introspection. Read here:

The cats of ebony and gold traversed the night, the night—

The cats of flame and ebony traversed my soul, Oh, God!

From end to end, like tempests fierce and bright,

Like tempests and the black winds blown abroad.

I looked into the night—

Black, infinite, it ran in curves

And spirals, up and up—the night!

Terror, like a cord hard round the throat,

Silenced me; no cry, no death gasp!

Down the black spirals of the night they came;

Sudden the cats of ebony and gold

Squatted along my garden wall

And held me with their eyes—

Silent, like patient madmen, all

The cats of metal and of flame.

Haggard—weary of effort, sullen, sad—

I stared into the eyes, the eyes

Of the cats of ebony and gold—the eyes!

This excerpt is from "The Father of Livor"; it is one of the *intermezzi* of the prose story of the King of Torelore—a story at once close and consistent in its ironic realism. It is a study of democracy. Mr. Lingwood Evans writes as one who has gone down in the dark and greasy world of artisans and labourers. He knows their dull thoughts. He knows their insolence and their ambitions.

The second *intermezzo* follows King Torelore's account of his first battle:

A fool, a fool; I wander through
The Forest of Numbers, and, hallucinate,
Mine open eyes see prodigies
And my shut eyes the vertigoes of life.
My brows are bloody, for, obstinate,
I rammed the obstinate tree stems—

Gaunt trees—in the clear earth
The roots are lean and living scrolls
(I read the problems of the circling roots)—
The gaunt trees charge the sky like lances;
And the rocks, the rocks quadrangular,
Are blocks of fear and silence!

A fool, a fool, I read the text
Of far-off laws—the poor *debris*
Of what dead geometric universe?

And, overhead, the stars and stars,
Myriad stars and white linen veils,
That float (the veils, the veils!)
Round the gold Isis of the firmament.

I am the fool of the Forest of Numbers.
Hallucinate! My bells chime out
Primordial problems, definite and dead.



LINGWOOD EVANS AND HIS BOOKS,

"The Father of Livor"

and

"The Avenue of
Farthingales."

By VANCE
THOMPSON. . . .

Illustrated by Pattin's
drawings on wood.



In entire good faith I may borrow from this poem one word to describe the poet: hallucinate. He is hallucinate, but since he creates these dreams voluntarily and gives them form, he is an artist. The artist is he who creates life. Perhaps no better definition could be found. Now the life created by Mr. Lingwood Evans is neither simple nor sweet. It is tumultuous; it is chaos. For him, as for Hegel, the universe is an indefinite parallelism of contraries—the antinomy of being and non-being. He would not quarrel with Villiers de l'Isle Adam's theory that God created man in his own image—and *vice versa*. I may frankly admit that to those who shun thinking, Mr. Lingwood Evans offers slight entertainment. Not that his poems are cryptic. In every one I have read the thought is definitely shaped—is, indeed, iterated and expounded even too deliberately.

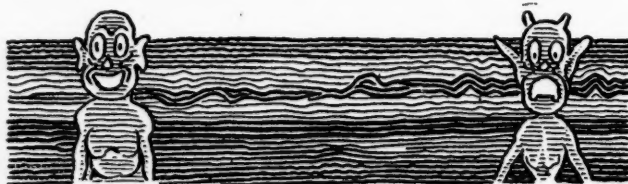
For instance:



The desert of my soul is peopled with black gods,
Huge blocks of wood;
Brave with gilded horns and shining gems,
The black and silent gods
Tower in the naked desert of my soul.

With eyes of wolves they watch me in the night;
With eyes like moons.
My gods are they; in each the evil grows,
The grandiose evil darkens over each
And each black god, silent
Under the iron skies, dreams
Of his omnipotence—the taciturn black gods!

And my flesh and my brain are underneath their feet;
I am the victim, and I perish
Under the weight of these nocturnal gods
And in the iron winds of their unceasing wrath.



In this poem the symbol flies like a flag. Its chief defect is its insistence and lack of reticence. I am not well enough acquainted yet with Mr. Lingwood Evans' work to pronounce a definite judgment upon it. Unquestionably "The Father of Livor" is in the way of being a masterpiece. It is only natural that one should approach it with the diffidence that beset the early critics of Walt Whitman. 'Tis a book of metal and of blood.

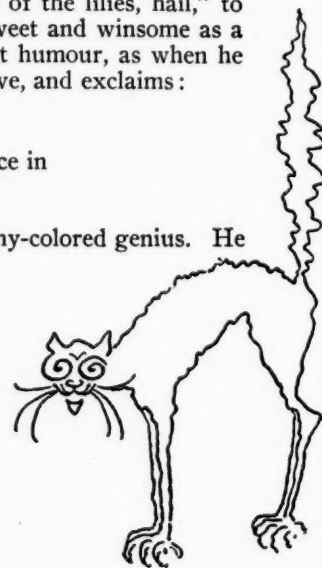
One would hardly imagine "The Avenue of Farthingales" had been written by the same pen, so dainty is it in its devices, rose-hued, fanciful—at times even impish—and delicate. From that first line "*Salve, Regina* of the lilies, hail," to that last pæan to the blue and fading moon, the poem is sweet and winsome as a nubile girl. Mr. Lingwood Evans has wit of a sort, if not humour, as when he writes the epitaph of a singing girl who killed herself for love, and exclaims:

Had she but loved Sol, Fa or Si,
Instead of me, instead of me!

and there is the same easeful indifference to the commonplace in
What, no more rhymes to Luna?
(Regrettable lacuna.)

On the whole there is here a man of strenuous and many-colored genius. He need envy no man's nightingale or spring.

*Ut malo sanos
Adscripsit Liber Satyris
Faunisque poetas.*



L'ARCHET.

(Out of the French of Charles Cros.)

Of the lady's hair there was no dearth;
Gold as the grain in Autumn's girth
It rippled down unto the earth.

Her strange, low voice you need must hark,
It seemed the voice of a Serapharch;
Her eyes looked out from lashes dark.

He never feared a rival more
While he traversed vale and shore,
Bearing her on his horse before.

For on all those of that cont'ree
She had looked full haughtily,
Until him she came to see.

And love's strength smote her with such dole
That for smiles and mockings droll,
A sickness crept upon her soul.

And mid her last caresses there:
"Make a bowstring of my hair
To charm your other ladies fair."

Then with a long sweet kiss of woe
She died; and straight the knight did go
And of her hair he made a bow.

Like a pauper blind and lone,
On a viol of Cremona
Played he, begging alms with moan.

And all who heard those sobbing strings
Were drunk with joyous shuddering;
The dead lived in their quiverings.

The King was charmed and favored him;
He chanced to please the dark Queen's
whim,
And fled with her in the moonlight dim.

But each time that he touched it, so
To play unto the Queen, the bow
Reproached him mournfully and low.

And at the sound of that death strain
They died half-way adown the plain;
The dead took back her pledge again.

Took back her hair that knew no dearth,
That, gold as the grain in Autumn's girth,
Rippled down unto the earth.

WILBUR UNDERWOOD.

L'ARCHET.

*Elle avait de beaux cheveux, blonds
Comme une moisson d'août, si longs
Qu'ils lui tombaient jusqu'aux talons.*

*Elle avait une voix étrange,
Musicale, de fée ou d'ange,
Des yeux verts sous leur noire frange.*

*Lui ne craignait pas de rival,
Quand il traversait mont ou val,
En l'emportant sur son cheval.*

*Car, pour tous ceux de la contrée,
Altière elle s'était montrée,
Jusqu'au jour qu'il l'eut recontrée.*

*L'amour la prit si fort au coeur,
Que pour un sourire moqueur,
Il lui vint un mal de langueur.*

*Et dans ses dernières caresses:
"Fais un archet avec mes tresses,
Pour charmer tes autres maitresses."*

*Puis, dans un long baiser nerveux,
Elle mourut. Suivant ses vœux,
Il fit l'archet de ses cheveux.*

*Comme un aveugle qui marmonne,
Sur un violon de Crémone
Il jouait, demandant l'aumône.*

*Tous avaient d'enivrants frissons
A l'écouter. Car dans ces sons
Vivaient la morte et ses chansons.*

*Le roi, charme, fit sa fortune.
Lui, sut plaire à la reine brune
Et l'enlever au clair de lune.*

*Mais, chaque fois qu'il y touchait
Pour plaire à la reine, l'archet
Tristement le lui reprochait.*

*Au son du funèbre langage,
Ils moururent à mi-voyage,
Et la morte reprit son gage.*

*Elle reprit ses cheveux, blonds
Comme une moisson d'août, si longs
Qu'ils lui tombaient jusqu'aux talons.*



A strange, little, negroid person, Charles Cros; he was born at Fabrezan, near Narbonne; he was a bitter and fantastic man.

*Je le voyais en blanc faux-col,
Frais substitut aux dignes poses:
S'il n'était pas dans l'alcool,
Comme il eut fait de grandes choses!*

His prose work is fantastic and negligible, but he has written a number of poems that the world will not willingly let die. A man of keen and cruel mind, he saw things and said them—like M'lle New York.





A MARTYR TO ART,

*Being a Phantasy of the
St. Botolph Club.* ♣

By JAMES
GIBBONS HUNEKER.

**** As the rill that runs.
From Bulicamé to be portioned
out
Among the sinful women ****



I am a music critic. *Pity the sorrows of me and my tribe!* I know full well that I have qualities of mind and body that would have enabled me to become a great painter, a great musician, a great poet, a great prose master, as great perhaps as Lingwood Evans, a *raconteur* of vivid short stories or even a mandolin player of renown. But I am a music critic, nothing more. *Pity the sorrows of me and my tribe!* Early in life I contracted marriage with a millionaire—a young woman of Boston society who hated music. She adored me. She knew that I would make an admirable epic poet, a masterly pianist, but she preferred to do her duty to society and keep me to mine. So she married me and I became a music critic on an important daily. *Pity the—!* For years I had imbibed the writings of the school of art for art and scandal likewise, and there boiled within my breast the almost insane desire to burn my boats before me and retire into the thick of life. O to taste it, to quaff it in all its rankness! O the intoxication and fullness thereof! O for the torrential joys of illicit whiskey! O for the coarse drenching draughts of bock beer! Ho! for the titillation of the deadly cigarette and the lips of the typewriter—lips disfigured by chewing gum and slang, but lips far sweeter to me, I swear to you, than Beethoven's Fifth or Chopin's A flat Ballade. As you may readily infer I am a devout student of Walt Whitman.

With Jean Richepin I should like to have been an acrobat, a conjurer, a pirate, a lover of tawny haired ladies of the Orient, upon whose orange colored skin flies lit with avid haste; whose noses were hooked, hooked by smelling much garlic. O glorious sun kissed garlic! But I married a rich girl and became a music critic. Paul Verlaine! Arthur Rimbaud! Ah! those are names to conjure with. To be a beggar poet, to let every newcomer pay for the absinthe, to have rheumatism, to be dirty, to weave perfect rhymes from out the mud, to dream dreams carved in ivory, with the sound of the flutes in the sky. Gods! to be a poet, what joy! But I am only a dissector of a noise with a tail to the end of it which people call a symphony. Then I begged, piteously begged, my wife to let me play at being composer. I pictured to her the delight of discovering a new, wondrous theme, then its feminine mate, contrapuntally wedding the pair, and O the joy of the working out section! What development, what fertile expedients of counterpoint and fugue—here they come, there they go; up, down, backward, forward, at it again—what fun to juggle with those burning ideas in living, moving tones! I described to my stern partner how I should dress the different movements. What a richly brocaded mantle I should throw over the orchestra in the opening *allegro*; with what cunning effects of old lace and embroidery upon embroidery I should deck the *scherzo*! Over the *adagio* I would drape an indescribably coloured thing, all soft, clinging and fleecy and shot with purple flecks. The last movement would be brave with joyous greens and Beardsley yellows, and to the *coda* I would pin a superb scarlet sash. Such streamers and ribbons you have never seen. Talk about the orchestral colours of Berlioz! wait until you see my new polonaise cut bias for military orchestra! Madame, my wife, would then reprimand me curtly in this fashion: "Pray stop your nonsense and get to work on your analytical programme book. There is the symphony of Herr Absolamowski, which you have yet to analyze." *O condole the woes of a wretched music critic and likewise those of his sorry tribe!*

Leopardi said often that the highest climax of human joy was to have a bad attack of colic just as you were making love. The sound of the English horn affects me in that manner. It is the very dualism of pain and pleasure. Your hair and your resolutions may not be able to stand at the same time, but, like Amiel, I realize that the delicate blending of joy and sorrow produces a delightful morsel for mental degustation. I practiced the piano ten hours a day for two months. My wife visited a few legal friends in Colorado—she couldn't, however, get her decree—and when she returned she found me almost a pianist. She swore she would cut my allowance if I did not desist. I desisted, yet what supreme joy there is in being a pianist of power! How the soul storms and exults as the fingers play among the billowy *arpeggio* or storm the embattled chords of the lascivious and unresolved nineteenth! What joy to thrill, what ecstasy to plant your fist on a Beethoven sonata and pin it wriggling to the keyboard until it exhales its last juicy sigh! Or to rush frantically across country, up the black and white beach of the key of A, land on a top B flat; then, while your audience shivers at the discord, roll grandly down in B flat major, and end at the base of the cliff or the clef of the bass! What intoxication to twiddle the fingers of scorn at the astonishment of the musically mediocre! But my wife dislikes noise. She is a Boston woman. So she makes me use a fountain pen and a practice clavier.

Then I discovered her secret. I caught her writing an elaborate music criticism in one of my note books, and at once planned a means of escape. I openly admired her stuff and begged her to go once to a Symphony concert at Music Hall and astonish fashionable Bach Bay with her erudition. My absence would be remarked and thus she could share my critical laurels. It took her some time to be persuaded. She seemed suspicious, and only when I assured her that I should call for her did she consent.

The Night of Splendor came at last. After bidding her to look as thoughtful as she could and not to flirt with M. Tim Adamowski, I sent her forth and the triumph was mine. I had a lovely time that Saturday night. Walter Pater declare that success in life was to burn always with a gem-like flame. Well, I burned and so did the gems. I exchanged several for ready money and determined to live all my life in a few hours. Huysman's decadent hero tasted every form of virtue and vice he was capable of. But Des Esseintes was too deliberate for me. I had only three hours. I am an American. I believe in a rapid *tempo*. I must needs compress into a few hours huge experiences; but how to begin? I was a boy when I married. I knew not, indeed loathed, vice. I never played billiards; coarse conversation sickened me. And I was in Boston!! I stole past Music Hall and caught the glint of Manager Comée's *moustaches*. The night was wet. I heard Tchaikowsky's E minor crashing through the long dark lane. My heart sank. It was the first concert that I had missed since the days of dear old Daddy Zerrahn. But I plucked up my heart from the morass of habit into which it was sinking and sped down Tremont street. Then like a flood swept over me the desire to live—to live the life of the poet, the painter, the pianist, the tramp, the lawless lover of Walt Whitman's mothers of unborn generations. I called a hansom and bade the driver to fetch up at the St. Botolph. Memories of the patron saint of the club St. Jago tortured me, but I held my thirst well in hand until I reached the club-house. Once inside those hospitable walls I knew that I was safe. I was alone and the revelry began. I pushed my imagination far out to sea and let it float whither it listed. It played some pretty pranks. I was a buccaneer, and sailed in soft, summer seas with dear, dead Robert Louis, and saw his treasure isle. Then I was acting with Sarah, she as Roxane, I as Cyrano. She stabbed me in the nose with a bare Moorish bodkin. I found myself reciting original verse to Villon, Baudelaire, Edgar Poe, Swinburne, James Thomson, Verlaine and Lingwood Evans. They seemed confounded, and the vision changed to a dazzling circle of light and I became a little old man. A dead man. Urged by two strong arms I was pushed to the footlights and I faced an audience that was piled tier upon tier until it faded into the region of the lofty black planets. My dead ears were stunned by cosmical applause and my two friends, Ricordi and Arrigo Boito, bade me bow. I heard screams of "Falstaffo," but knew not what it meant. I had been dead so long. Boito must have been putting my name to his operas, for I heard the cries of "Verdi, *Eviva Verdi!*" Soon I was transformed to Paderewski, playing lemon-coloured nocturnes for impassioned spinsters. Next as the astral soul of Roosevelt I led my Rough Riders through the Heroic Polonaise of Chopin. The music merged into Liszt's "Preludes" and the spirit of Seidl seemed near. The drizzling rain beat against my forehead, but I pushed through a dreary court and reached a dimly lighted door. Several men spoke to me, but I knew them not. I found myself in a hall crowded with well-dressed people, and when I reached a seat my dream dissolved like a cloud that tumbles seaward. Alas! I could not escape the brass walls of my critical prison. Drugged with dreams I had gone mechanically to Music Hall. My wife was not there, she had left before the concert was half over.

O the absurd agonies of absinthe and O the skull appertaining thereto! With shaking wrists I read what my wife had written, and rushed to the printing office, bought up the whole edition of the newspaper, paid off its second mortgage and gave the foreman of the composing room a solitaire diamond brooch for his wife. They live in Brookline. The Vanderbilts went to Egypt that winter, and as I could not face Mrs. Jack, Mr. Higginson or Bach Bay we went in the same party. I have sworn never to repeat what my darling, imprudent wife wrote that fatal night. *It was the naked truth*, but Boston abhors nudity in art or ink, hence my dismay. *Dies Irae!* The time is out of joint. My allowance has been reduced and my colleagues refuse to speak to me since the appearance of the awful paragraphs. We are a sorry lot; the blasted, mildewed ears of corn in the granary of life. I am now with the Rothschilds and Sassoons shooting in the Balkans. *But do not fail on that account to pity me and my tribe.*



PAN MOVES TO HARLEM. . . .

Slab-sided Sal. . . .

An Inviolable Venus.

A Harlem Europa . . .

A Study in Americanese.

By MARMADUKE
. . . . HUMPHREY.



The most pathetic picture in the history of art is, I believe, that little masterpiece of the Dutch school the "Donna Mondana" of Franz van Mieris. It is lost in the Uffizi, and it presents a weary demi-mondaine sunk away into a sleep of utter lassitude. Dim in the background a wizened hag is selling her again, to a man who drops gold into the cup of her withered palm.

To one that can put away for the nonce the fundamental ethics of it all and realize how the life of such a voluptuary grows soon into a hideous, fatal trade, a Siberian gold mine, from which there is hardly any escape, even for the few that have the courage and the will to wish an escape—to such a merciful philosopher this picture is the purest pathos. He can justly make that magnificent boast: *Humani nihil alienum a me puto*.

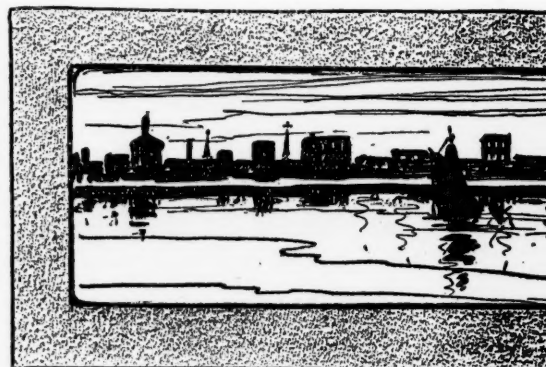
But the woman in the van Mieris picture is rich in satins, furs and jewelry. There is a pathos in real life deeper than hers, more ugly, deadly-dingy.

Of all that scarlet procession of the priestesses of Material Nature from the daughters of Moab, through the Grecian hetairai, the harem favorites and the royal mistresses of the French and English courts, even counting the child-slaves and the caged females of China, surely no priestess—to use a mild word—has found a drearier lot than that of the lowest caste of the daughters of "Joy" in New York; the wretches that must shun Broadway and play the scavenger along side streets where the men-folk are not connoisseurs nor the lights too frequent or too bright.

Of all bad women, the worst of the worst—not skipping even the Wiener worst (or the Frankforters)—was surely the—well, be polite to the loidy and call her—the "creature" known below Fourteenth street as Slab-sided Sal, and not known anywhere else at all, at all, by any style or title whatsoever, though as for "style," Sal was simply the limit—going backwards, and as for "title," even the most liberal fancy—the most Laura Bluejean Libbeyral fancy—couldn't have bestowed one on her.

Sal was a biped without feathers—at least without any but those bedraggled plumes that disgraced her disgraceful hat—so she may be accepted as one of us, on Platonic grounds, though Platonic matters had nothing to do with her make-up, which the same was both thick and gaudy, but futile withal. Certainly God did not make her; so let her pass for a woman—not to insinuate, of course, that you would have done anything else but let her pass anyway.

Now it fell about—things always fell about with Sal, and when she had "the price" she fell about, too—that on a certain balmy summer night she found never a victim that she could decoy, for all her technic. Her eyes caught hold of a man like a pair of coal tongs. But he shifted his glance. Her coy "Good evening, dear!" found the world gone deaf of a sudden. Her franker solicitation met only a grunt or a contemptuous sniff. She fastened on her prey as the women do along Piccadilly and hung to him with earnest pleadings. But he shook



her off. Or hurried away, Joseph-like. Or swore at her. She tried to pick a drunken man's pocket, but he caught her hand and flung it away with a wrenched wrist.

She walked back and forth along the Bowery, Grand street, Thirteenth street, any old street, for hours, hours. She was hungry, sleepy, faint with discouragement, and thirsty. Thirsty? Hully chee! She was so tired that she got an anguish in the neck—poor Sally usually got things where the giraffe had the croup. She was footsore, *ouch*—likewise ouch!

And heartsore, too; heartsore with a ghastly understanding of her degradation. She was degraded below degradation, too; homely—a queer word for Sally of Paradise Alley!—a queer word for that late and unlamented alley! She was too ugly to earn a partner in sin. And she knew it, and it cut her little tin soul to the quick. Think of the fate of a woman knowing herself so well!

And it's oh, but she was fagged out! She would have committed suicide if she could have chosen the means: drinking herself to death.

At length, well up against midnight, she was wearied into a sort of stupor, and had drifted, without knowing it, out even into Harlem. She tottered miserably along, with no more volition than an automaton, till houses gave way to long stretches of parti-colored bill-boards, and these to shanties and goat hills and dark vacant lots.

Her giddy mind was doing a brisk trade in reveries. She had metaphorically—for once—hit the pipe. What brains she had made a century run over the days of her childhood, when ignorance was a bliss, before knowledge was a blister. In that golden era her father never—well, hardly ever—came home drunk, except, perhaps, on those seven days the toper recommends for intoxication. He was a good father, too, and often when she had pushed the can—or as the poet has somewhere said, “chased the duck”—he usually permitted her to remove the collar from the beer while he oiled the hinges of his thirst with a little anticipation.

Then her mind—so to speak—recurred to her mother! her sainted mother, whose name was on the police blotters enough times to make up for the times it was absent from the saint's calendar. She remembered, she remembered the house where she was born at. She recalled how her mother used to weep over the bruises she had made when she had tried to spoil the child by not sparing the broomhandle. How she was wont to soothe the blistered scars of the thrown hot water with her hotter tears.

Sal's mind ran back over a career that was always lively, if never respectable. A few tears spilled across her penciled eyelids, and some of them bored through the dusty highway of her powdery cheeks, thus stirring up a new canal scandal. But Sal's tears were sweet to her for their very bitterness, as was the liver—or was it the heart?—of one of Mr. Stephen Crane's “Black Riders.” [Query: Does his title refer to the Tenth U. S. Cavalry, I don't know?]

But Sal had one bitter-sweet with the sweeter half divorced: her bad professional luck this night. She staggered disconsolately on, hardly seeing that she was in a dark and lonely street, where no man walked and no prey was; where the houses were far and the street lamps few apart.

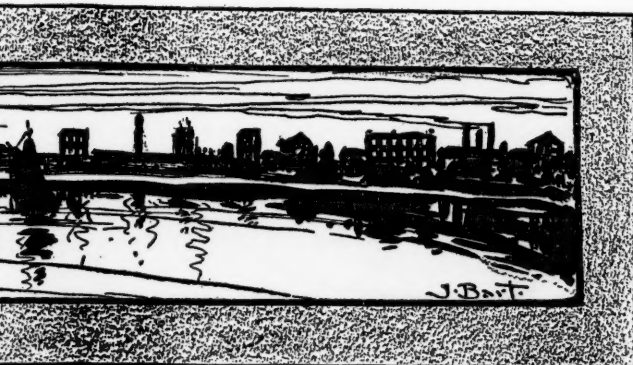
And now, what she had been seeking so long, for purely commercial reasons, took on a fascination, became a wild desire, a need.

* * * *

[The genial and accommodating reader will please see stars here, indicating that the author has temporarily flew the coop for another roost.]

Now, it came to pass that there was a man, a contemptible vagabone, a filthy tramp, too cowardly to steal and too lazy to beg prosperously. He was so irredeemably worthless that he could find nary a dog to love him and follow him. Worse yet—would you believe it?—he couldn't find *even* a woman to love him. He was a bachelor by acclamation.

Well, this day he was at the outskirts of New York, having ridden in now on





the unpalatial trucks of a freight train, and now disguised as a bag of coal on a flatcar. He shuffled about town at that hour when New York is really beautiful, meretricious possibly, but beautiful—the hour when twilight and lamplight and gaslight and electric light and moonlight and starlight and no light make a mellow *pousse café* of the town. The time when the cityness of a great city is most patent and potent.

The tramp—his pen-name or calaboose-*nom de prune* was “Muddy Watkins”—went a-shuffling along, barked at and smelt of, but never bitten into, by the canine epicures of the metropolis. He was perforce a man “about town.”

Well, Muddy Watkins, celibate, inglorious, loafed the streets and found an unwonted bliss in ogling the fat wives and slim servant girls bustling at their marketing. He had been long on the road and his wayside dreams and haystack siestas had been much concerned with fair women and victorious amours. The woods where he lazed mocked him with their fitness for a revel with dryads. The streams at whose cool clearness he shuddered seemed always about to ripple away from some nymph blooming up like a released pond lily. (I speak figuratively here, just to raise my lore, for, if you had mentioned the subject to Mr. Watkins he would have thought you were referring to dried herring and calling it dryad for short, or as a labor-saving device—a kind of vice he was positively vicious in.

More and more liquorously did he eye the throng of feminine reality upon the streets till one flying Hollander, weighing some fifteen stone—however much that is—threatened to fall on him for jostling his frowzy *Frau*, and another gent (short and wiry and notable for the fact that his chin took precedence over his other features) threatened to t’ump ’im in de kisser if he t’run any more stares into his loidy frien’; see?

At length Muddy Watkins was sick of the questionable delights of Tantalus and he slunk away ominously wagging his shaggy head. Into a dark and lonesome district he went, a district fit for the undisturbed slumbers of the policeman that was never there, or for the uncurbed pleasaunce of a satyr.

There Alluvial Watkins, Esq., waited and waited in the shadows. No women came his way, though; only an infrequent man or a boy, now and then, too big, too little, to sandbag. After a few hours, however, of vigil, and just as despair was making a madman of him, he overheard the footprints of someone approaching with the cat-like tread of a shuffleboard. It was a lone, lorn woman. “At last!” he thought, under his breath—oh, what a breath!

As she passes under the nearest street lamp you and I know her for the frantic Sal. But to the lurking Pan she looks very trim and gorgeous.

When Sal lurched past the hiding place of the ardent Watkins he leaped from the gloom, clapped his great left hand over her mouth and swung his good right arm about her evil waist. Then he plucked her from the ground and ran with her toward the deeper wilderness.

But Sal, in a fury of terror, managed to wrench his hand from her mouth—now minus not a little rouge. And she spluttered a quick, “What t’hell’s de matter wit choo?” His answer was a few rash, gruff words that reminded her of the plight of Persephone—of whom she had never heard.

After a moment of daze the situation flashed on her. The wild comicality of the proceeding in its entirety and the epicludicrousness of such an attempt on such a woman was fairly sending a coal-snowstorm on Newcastle. She let out one great yelp of primeval laughter. Shrieks of hilarity followed it. And she wrapped her arms about his neck and kissed him.

Muddy Watkins had lived a life of surprises, mostly unpleasant. But this boisterous acquiescence where he had expected a fainting fit or wild outcry, this kiss instead of finger nails and teeth—this sent a shudder clean through him. It was evident that he had rapt a loose lunatic! The thought scared him till he was almost lunatic himself. With a sharp grunt of terror he wrenched himself from Sal’s embrace, dumped her on the ground, and made for the horizon and police protection.

As for Sal, hight the Slab-sided—when she recovered from the first shock of contact with an unnecessarily (and enviably) jagged boulder and found herself once more alone and completely unmanned, she fell to weeping bitterly.

Marmaduke Humphrey.





The downfall of Zolaism—it is an abominable and uncritical phrase. Literary sincerity never goes for naught. The naturalistic revolt against the flatulency of a decadent romanticism was timely and effective. It served its purpose. Today its formulae are useless. It has left masterpieces—were they only “Madame Bovary,” “Germinie Lacerteux” and “L’Assommoir.” Its effect cannot be estimated, but only the critically bankrupt would attempt to whistle it away. It remains among the things accomplished—like yesterday’s sunlight.

How blessed are we that are not simple men.

POLITE
LET-
TERS.



Count Tolstoy doesn’t play fair in the game. He has reached the three score and ten of Scriptures; he has led, by his own acknowledgment, a rake-helly life; he has gambled, drank deeply and lived with harlots. His belly was his god. Then he ran the intellectual gamut of dissipation. He worshipped at the shrines of false gods, wrote great, gray, godless novels, won renown, family happiness, riches, love, admiration, applause and notoriety. So having lived too happily he forthwith falls to railing at destiny, like the Englishman Mr. Krehbiel tells us of in his “Music and Manners.” Quoting Haydn he writes: “Mr. Brassey once cursed because he enjoyed too much happiness in this world.” Tolstoy, having tasted of everything, damaged his palate. Man pleases him not, nor does woman. In every book of his later, lonesome years he gives away the secret of life’s illusion, like the mischievous rival of a conjuror. It is not fair to the young ones who, with mouth agape, gaze at the cunning pictures limned by that old Arch-Hypocrite, Nature. The young man who has not had the courage to make a fool of himself some time in his career has not lived. Robert Louis Stevenson said this, and he said it better than I have. Away with your cynics! Throw pessimism to the dogs! Let Tolstoy swear the inverted bowl of the firmament is full of ashes, full of burnt out stars; we see the bravery of the cosmical circus, its streamers, its mad coursing through eternity. Hoop-la, they’re off again! Two wonderful young fools! Watch them love and languish! Lives there a more glorious spectacle? To the old, melancholy Seer in Russia love is an itching crime, art an enigmatic fizzle, life a burden. He has lived it all; we have not. So huzza for the veins boiling with rich, red blood, the nerves a-tingle with desire! We are young, foolish and gay. Let the devil pay the bills—for the present. Later we settle up and with interest. But that’s our business. So out of our way, kill-joys, maw-worms, eunuchs and them that fear life!

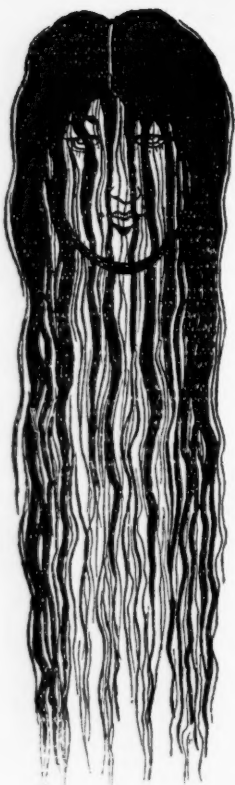


What a cunning revenge is being enjoyed by M. Edmond Rostand and his “Cyrano de Bergerac.” Anti-Semitism is rampant in France, yet all France has gone daft over a play by a Jew—Rostand has Oriental blood in his veins—and a play that exalts one of the symbols of the race—its mighty proboscis. Is Rostand a conscious or an unconscious humorist?

A young man, with a face that almost kills, writes novels for silly American girls, summer girls, in which the war correspondent always figures as a hero. He is depicted as being seven feet “high” and wearing a wonderful spine. Then a real war breaks out and the creator of fictive correspondents goes to it attired in an immaculate duck suit, and he does everything but correspond. He writes of his feelings on board his yacht, the temperature of his ice chest, and the “sit” of the navy’s uniform. He abuses a general because he does not look like a clubman, and in three months destroys the reputation of ten years. He is the war correspondent who does not correspond to his own ideals. A cherubic lad, known to fame as an earnest lover of the drama, goes forth pen in hand and wins a name as a veracious and charming reporter of what happened at Santiago. His name is Davies, Acton Davies, and there you are.

The last word in the German dictionary, the ultimate alphabetic outcry of that land of fat lutherism, is Zythera—the isle of Cythera, home of the pornographs of antiquity, symbol of the foul and scandalous—In this country the Germans contribute most of the murderers and almost all the keepers of dives and brothels.





AND ALSO

LOVE'S RENAISSANCE.

... By J. G. H.

She lay in the Hall of the Mirrors where, repeated in evanescent gestures, her person moved in processional precision. She had disrobed to the accompaniment of soft, hidden music, and to the unconscious miming of the mirrors; something of fear and something of shame were in her heart as she pulled to her pretty chin the royal counterpane. It was the first time she had ever lain in a palace and the night seemed to hum with a thousand harps. It was the music and the beating of her heart that she heard, and she wondered most at the heavily scented atmosphere and smiled at the face that smiled down at her from the shining ceiling. Her plump body sank in relaxing curves; the very couch seemed to embrace her. Then she heard footsteps and dared no longer gaze into the ironic mirror overhead. As the prince approached love loomed nigh. There was no tenderness in his eyes, and his young forehead was slightly wrinkled. It was his nuptial night; for him was waiting a fair girl, whose pulses leapt to the sound of his voice. But he had no words for her when he reached the royal bed that stood in the Hall of the Mirrors. His troubled gaze drove the blood to her heart, and when he sat beside her the music ceased and the mirrors grew gray and misty. She had waited for this moment since her birth; their souls had been woven together by imperial decree, yet now they circled about each other like two tall stars in interstellar depths, bound for eternity to tread in the stately choric dance of the spheres, aeons apart, and destined never to embrace. With outstretched, despairing arms she welcomed her image in the air above her, and her impassioned, sorrowful glance married her to her own soul. The prince told her in falsetto tones of his desire for rest, and she welcomed him as one would a pet poodle; beside his sleepy, escaping soul she lay in the Hall of the Mirrors, where, repeated in evanescent gestures, her person moved in processional sadness.

NUPTIALS
ROYAL.



He sat in his club, in the pleasant, warm atmosphere of the dining room and wondered if Mrs. Jalbert would be hurt at his absence. Jalbert was not a fool. He was a clubman, but that was not his fault; he was born to it. But he strove to escape the life he had inherited by marrying Imogen Jalbert, his cousin. It had been a love match, and for a brief period their souls had clung and mounted on the spirals of propulsive passion and belief. The seven years that followed relaxed the tension, and this night he sat and wondered if he should ever return to their home. He was in the stress of a revulsion so keen as to almost evoke pleasure. He summoned to his imagination the shape of his wife, her glance so rich with meanings, her movements so veiled and trained. With a certain fullness of thought he recalled her magnificent abandon to his love, and he felt that if she could be in his presence now he would worship her again. With a leap his fancy harked back to the moment of their meeting, and the intervening years were blurred from his vision. Ah, those were royal days, and made for eternity! Slipping away to the steeps of the present he started to his feet and called for his hat, his stick, and went away to a cab stand. Imogen was waiting at home, at their childless home, and he must see her once more and tell her that those five cold years had been a mistake, a grievous soul killing error. To recapture the first fine, careless rapture, to grasp at the straw of hope, to catch her in his arms and make her his; that were indeed a triumph. O the joy of the primal passion! O the fierce surge and thunder of the first embrace! Jalbert was maddened by the proximity of his peril; he had all but lost Imogen. That morning he had left her carelessly and saw her eyes grow indifferent. Their souls were becoming unmeshed, the quotidian attrition of wills and love's blank iteration had worn away the plaits that at first had so strongly woven their souls into one passionate pattern. He ran up his steps and into his house; on hungry footsteps he went. The place seemed deserted, and his hopes became hollow spectres of despair, and then he saw her on a couch asleep, her mouth wide open, a bored, weary expression on her face. She had not gone away; she had not killed herself; she was still that wraith of *ennui*, his wife, and his kindled love fell away from him like water from a sieve.

Jalbert went back to his club.





THE CARNIVAL OF DESTINY.

In the beginning of days men lifted their voices and cried to God: "Dear Lord, see, then, how wretched are we upon earth; make us happy, dear Lord."

And God, the All-Pitiful, had pity on men and gave them gold. Ho! how it shone and glistened. And men sought for the gold and groped in the dark earth for it and were happy after their kind. But there were certain stark men, very agile, who ran busily after the gold and got it and locked it fast in oaken chests. The men who were neither stark nor agile, but were many, lusted for the gold and fought. Then did murder come upon earth, and it was murder so great that men called it war; and the wounded and dying lifted up their voices and cried to God.

And God, the All-Pitiful, saw how wretched were men upon earth and He had pity and sent them Love.

And of a sudden there was spring on earth and in the hearts of men was spring, so sweet Love was. Men garlanded themselves with roses and laughter. And the burden of life was kisses. But this was only for a little while. With love came war—men warring for the woman and women warring for the man. In the train of love came hate and treachery, anger and eagerness, and the sin of the unclean word and the broken oath. Friend against friend, brother against brother, race against race, and there was no end to the wretchedness upon earth.

And God, the All-Pitiful, had pity upon men and sent them Wisdom.

And men began to wander lonely; and they peered into the fastnesses of nature and sought the secret of things; and in their wisdom they doubted God and questioned His works, doubting—and were more wretched than ever. But they cried no more to God; only they lifted their eyes to heaven and shook their white heads dubiously. And God, the All-Pitiful, had pity on men and sent them Folly, and it abode with them ever more.



HERMES PSYCHAGÔGOS.

(*Out of the French of
Marcel Schwob.*) . .

By VANCE
THOMPSON. . . .



A LITTLE
SONG. . . .

. . . By V. T.

Whether the dead be hid in sarcophagus of sculptured stone, laid in the belly of metal urns, or in the earth, or set up, gilded and painted blue, without brain or viscera, wrapped round with linen bands—

I marshall them in troops and guide the march with my compelling wand.

We fare by a fleet way that men cannot see. The harlots press against the virgins and the murderers against the philosophers and the mothers against those who would not be with child and the priests against the perjurers. For they repent of their crimes, be it those they imagined in their heads or those they did with their hands. And having never been free on earth, since they were bound by the laws and the customs, or by their own good heed, they fear the isolation and sustain each other. She who slept naked in tiled chambers among men, consoles a young girl who died ere her wedding-night and still dreams imperiously of love. One who killed on the highway, his face foul with ashes and sweat, places his hand on the brow of a thinker, who wished to regenerate the world and preached death. The dame who loved her children, and through them suffered, leans her head on the breast of a harlot, who was wilfully sterile. The man clothed in a long robe, who persuaded himself to love his God and constrained himself to genuflections, weeps on the shoulder of the cynic, who, under the eyes of the citizens, did break all the oaths of the flesh and the spirit. Thus they help each other on the way, marching under the yoke of memory.

Then they come to the bank of Lethe, where I marshall them beside the water that rolls on in silence. And some plunge into the water the heads that held evil thoughts, and others dip the hands that did evil. They rise again and, lo, the water of Lethe has quenched all memory. Forthwith they separate and each to himself smiles, believing he is free.

There's a swallow flying to Venice,
And sick for a sight of the sea.
O, wayfarer! O, swallow!
Fly light and low; I would follow
To the dim, blue isles of Venice,
And the blue, dim sight of the sea.

I am sick for the strange, new faces—
For the flags and the ships and the sea;
For the new, strange life and the singing;
For the boatman's cry and the ringing
Of bells in the windy places,
And the windy foam on the sea.

O, swallow, flying to Venice,
And eager for the sight of the sea!
O, wayfarer! O, swallow!
Fly light and low; I will follow
To the dim, blue isles of Venice,
And the blue, dim sight of the sea.

THE MIRROR OF
UNFAITH.

J. G. H.

I looked into my mirror the next morning. With a scared cry I again looked into my mirror. With brutish, trembling fingers I tried to cleanse the mist from my eyes, and once more I looked into my mirror, scraped its surface tenderly, but it availed not. There was no reflection of my features in its polished depths, naught but vacancy, steely and profound. There is no God, I had proclaimed; no God in high heaven, no God with the world, no spirit ever moved upon the vasty waters, no spirit ever travailed in the womb of time and conceived the cosmos. There is no God and man is not made in his image; eternity is an eyeless socket—a socket that never beheld the burning splendors of the Deity. There is no God. O my God! And my cries are futile, for have I not gazed into my mirror, gazed with clear, ironic, and with frantic gaze missed my own image! There is no God, yet has my denial been heard in blackest Eblis, and has it not reverberated unto the very edges of Time? There is no God, and from that moment my face was blotted out. I may never see it in the moving waters or in mirrors. I have denied God. I have mocked his omnipotence. I have dared him to mortal combat, and now my mirror tells me there is no Me, no image of the man called by my name. I have denied God and God has denied me.

Thou has conquered, O Galilean!



The God, who whimpers in the skies (the God!)
Looked down upon the little men,
Visored in hypocrisy, the men;
The little women, arrogant and chaste;
The blatant children
And the fouled lower kind akin,
Saying: "Tis the New Country"—
There came
A voice as of flame and shame and iron
(Iron of menace and warning!)
And it cried: 'Ware the New Christ!

The New Christ in the New World!
Red shall He stand—
His Saints are murderers
And men with knives,
And men who wear their visors up,
And men who hate the lie;
His cross is the scaffold, and the electric chair,
And the rope—the strangling hempen glory—
And the utter death in the gutter—
'Ware the New Christ!

He cometh not to save;
Not peace, but blood.
He dips the sacrament in blood.
(Dear God! the wafer of His flesh in blood!)
Lo! He shall kill and He shall slay!
His fiat shall go forth, signalling death—
Men's ways and days He slays and the new evil;
He shall dip the new in blood till it be old
(Crested and lordly old in its bronze patina of blood)—
'Ware the New Christ!

God whimpered in the skies and on the earth,
His creatures whimpered, spelling out their doom—
The doom long-woven in the loom of time (*the doom*)—
The doom that is a shroud to wrap the nation—
Out of the womb of the years there comes
The doom—'Ware the New Christ!
He is the slayer, not the slain;
The rain of His baptism of blood
He sprinkles with tyrannic fingers—
I hear the grinding of the swords, and He shall come—
'Ware the New Christ!

MY COUNTRY 'TIS
OF THEE.

(From "The Father of Livor,"
By Lingwood Evans. ❖ ❖



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groomed.

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hairless face, but it doesn't cover
a bald spot on the head like the
Gentleman's Toupee I make.



A. SIMONSON,

933 Broadway, 21st and 22d Sts.

CATALOGUE FREE.

A lead pipe cinch is a Ulyssesian thing to hunt for, but you want to be pretty sure that the other fellow doesn't hold the lead pipe.

Talking about running dead up against it, youse had ought to of seen Slab-Sided Sal when she was a amachoor at the badger biz. What? Stop your joshing now! You don't know what a "badger" is? Ah, gwawn! Do you mean it? Are you on the dead? Well, I'll tell you a story—a fin de sickly romaunt of a rose.

Are youse guys just plain farmers? Or haven't you written anything on your *tabulae rasae* yet? Does your cosmographical think-tank include the aureate memory of a fayre demesne known as the Bowery? Some folk say that Jordan is a hard road to travel! Why, it was like chooting the choots alongside the Bow-wowery. But I was going to elucidate the gentle art of badgery. Well, Sal was it. Sal was—in her way—she usually was in her own way—a artiste, and her steady—a very wobbly steady he was, too—hight and yclept and *genommen* Choey—he was a artiste, too. He was commonly called Choey the Con.

You don't know what "con" is? And yet they say that illiteracy is rare in this country! "Con" is the Boweryese for confidence operator. Say, you mugs are as innercent as a gang of parsons on a slumming tour with a detective to perfect of them. A detectough! Wouldn't that kill you? They pay a detective \$40 to show them the sights and he takes them into the Chinese theayter and then into an opium joint specially faked up for the occasion—they hustle a lay-out in just before the preachers come and shove it out of sight as soon as they go!

Say, Sal was great as the opium fiend—she looked it—Sal looked like almost anything that's a bit off. When the slumming party asked about how she came to this—they always ask how people "came to this"—Sal useter pull a long face and tear 'em off a great string about how she was once a teacher in a Sunday school and if she only had \$5 she'd reform and go back to her Bible class. She always got the five—if the detective hadn't strapped the party in advance. Truly, as Hooker wrote in his "Ecclesiastical Polity," "The search of knowledge is a thing painful, and the painfulness of knowledge is that which maketh the will so hardly inclinable thereunto"—though what that quotation has to do with the case I can't imagine. Can you?

But I was after teaching you how to play the badger game. It's a pleasant little diversion for families and a good substitute for cribbage or "Authors."

You know Sal, of course. With true Homeric spirit we gave her an epithet; as Achilles had his *ῥαβδωπάρβος*, so Sal, the "Slab-sided." Well Parallelopipe-donal Sarah was a peach—one of the kind that lapses from the tree with a *δ, ε, θ* before it is green and gets all nice and rotten before it is ripe.

One night Sal and Choey thought the weather was good for badgery, so she traipses along various streets, throwing a largess of eyeliads at everybody who looked as if he had ever had a speaking acquaintance with a ten dollar bill. The man she was looking for must be small, too, for Choey was not very terrifying in his muscular get-up.

It took her an hour or more to find a man who seemed at the same time small enough to be easily licked by Choey (plus a pair of brass knuckles) and prosperous enough to be worth badgering, and green enough to be taken in, and complacent enough to be decoyed by such a woman as Sally. For, to speak the plain trut', Sally was a lobster on looks. It was not she of whom Kit Marlowe enquired through the mouth of his Dr. Faustus:

Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?

No, it wasn't Slab-Sided Sal's mug that inspired such frenzy, though he might have asked of her what he asked of the true original:

Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.

Sal could have done it, too; one labiality from her osculators would surely have knocked out anybody, robust soever.

Enteuthen Sally exelauneied enough parassangs to have given Xenophon's Ann a basis for her boasting, and she landed her fish at last and had little difficulty in leading him (while seeming to be led) to a low saloon with a "family entrance"—ye gods! "family" entrance!

Sal's prey ordered drinks after drinks so lavishly that she deeply regretted having planned to collaborate with Choey in putting up a job on him; for, of course, the moment Choey rushed in, and pretended to be her irate husband, Sally would have to stop drinking and pretend to be overcome with horror, shame and amaze, while Choey would threaten the dupe with murder and sudden death and finally blackmail him right up to the limit.

It repented Sally deeply to have schemed against such manner of man as she had now in tow, for unlike most of Sally's finds, he was a regular tank. The others drank themselves dangerous or asleep or penniless long before Sally's chronic thirst had even begun to feel a slight dampness—many a police surgeon had advised Sally to have that thirst amputated, but she preferred the disease to the cure.

THE GRAFT THAT FAILED.

*A study in New York life
and language.*



*Un mari ré-
Un mari cal-
Un mari ci-
Un mari trant.
C'est un mari récalcitrant.
(La Pêrichole.)*





To-night she saw her chance and she carped the diem. You might have thought the ocean was beer and that she was trying to outdo Thor with—Thingumbobly's drinking-horn. Sal didn't do a thing to the liquor. She simply made a hospice of her oesophagus. Her guy was so very handy with his dough and so wholesale with wet goods that she began to leer upon him almost affectionately and to reciprocate his jolly and his caresses with a cordiality that was vinously sincere. He was a nice little runt, too, she mused; and he must be a perfect gent from Fifth avenyuh, for she had never seen such large checks on any suit offered ready to wear at the Baxter street bazaars or offered in the piece by the Six Little Tailors. The waiter, too, seemed to approve of Sal's prey as a good thing that ought to be pushed along, not broken off short. Another reason for thinking the runt was one of the Four Hundred from Mackalleystir Ward—he gave the waiter tip for tippie—it was the second tip the waiter had ever had in his life, and he hid it in his shoe for fear the barkeep would demand a divvy.

But all dreams of bliss must end, and when Sally heard the familiar sneaking tread of Choey on the stairs outside her heart had a throb—or was it a hic-cough?—of compassion for the poor little moke. He looked frail, too, and she promised herself that she wouldn't let Choey hurt him.

Then Choey blurted in at the door, and gave a well-simulated look of horror and a cry with exclamation points stuck through it like pins:

"Me Gawd! me wife!"

There was a brief, blunt parley in which it transpired that Sally was Choey's beloved consort. He had feared that she was faithless to him—here he swallowed his Adam's apple—and he had watched her, and now—now, Gawdelper!—he had discovered her, he had cornered her in the act. Nothing but a bucket or two of belud could squinch his thirst for revenge.

Choey was going it like the hero of a dime museum melodrama. The scenario of his Ibsene tragedy included a gradual modulation from bloodthirst, through inconsolable grief to a confession that his sorrow might succumb to the gold cure, and a promise that if the intruder would empty his pockets and lay down his rhino and his Rhinestones he would be allowed to carry home an unbroken set of bones with him.

But Choey had not even finished the first aria before a look of mingled understanding and deep pain passed over the face of the runt. His mien seemed to mean:

"Such is fame! Here am I, the famous 'Unknown' of Williamsburg, just after putting Patsy the Pug to sleep in two rounds at the Pelican Club. And these sublime idiots do not know me, whom not to know argues one's self unknown."

That was what his mean seemed to mien, but what it said was simply this and nothing more:

"Soy, does shoes guys tink I was on'y borned chistiddy?"

The great Unknown felt as Paderewski might if someone should ask him if he were "musical and played some instrument." He rose with a bored air, jammed his chair back rippingly into the plaster, and his quick fist gave Choey the benefit of a twisting left hook right on that part of the jawbone which gives the cranium a seismic shock. And Choey sailed into the corner as parabolically and as limply as a tossed bolster.

Sally saw that while fishing for suckers she had landed a shark; but she went for him tooth and nail, only to feel his right arm sweep her back with a scythe-like swathe that smacked her head against the sharp end of a gas fixture and made her see at one glance enough comets to put Mrs. Herschel or Maria Mitchell out of business.

The runt then wound one hand into Choey's pompadour and one into Sally's topknot, and after kicking both of them in the ribs until they vaguely felt that he had broken in several slats, he made a pair of castanets out of their two cocoanuts. Then he let their senseless bodies flop back against the wall, where they rested in mutual support like two limp meal bags.

Then he laid on the table a card, reading:

Mike McGourk "The Unnoan"

Fetherwate Champeen of N. Y.

MARMADUKE
HUMPHREY.



Then he chucked his little hat over his left eye, spat eloquently across his undershot chin and went his way.

In a half hour or so Sal and Choey came partially to what senses they had. Their heads rolled round on each other till their noses met. Then they drew back and looked at each other—simply looked at each other.

Once the souls of the children of charity, tried beyond endurance, cried out to God in mingled prayer and reproach.

It was upon a sultry evening, when the storm that was gathering in the air increased the suffering of their wounds and fever. They were pallid with pain, stretched out upon the cots which medical science had assigned to each, according to their malady.

They were sad, very sad, for this was a holiday. With their thin white arms spread outside the coverings, they clasped in their transparent hands the simple toys which the rich pious patrons of the hospital had distributed among them.

And their souls cried out to God: We are the children of misery, of scrofula and disease. We are the children of children.

I, said one, was rescued from the cesspool where my mother, who was a half-witted servant in a hostelry, had thrown me. And I, said another, am the soul of a child with an abnormal head, branded on the forehead with a scarlet birth-mark. My father murdered my mother and then took his own miserable life.

And still they lamented:

We are the survivors of attempted abortions and infanticides. Our mothers are without name. Our fathers are among those whose days are passed in the tumult of life heedless of our woe. We are born with the mark of Cain upon our foreheads.

And God heard their cries and came down among these tortured souls. He entered this home of unspeakable human suffering, and at his approach the air was filled with the odors of incense, and the martyr-children rose upright on their narrow couches like so many weary, white flowers.

And their Lord said to them:

I am here. have heard your supplication to be avenged against those who gave you birth. What punishment shall I mete out to them?

Then the infant-souls chanted in tones like the rustling of corn leaves, which the wind caresses:

Glory to God! Glory to God!—who in his mercy shall pardon those who gave us birth, and in the end lead us safe to Paradise, where we may abide with them.



I would go, I know not where;
Out—far into the vacant night,
Where no curse broods upon the air—
Away, in hurried flight.

The sound of many feet,
The flaring faces drifting by,
The wild lights of the monstrous street
Wound me and terrify.

What is the noiseless voice
That speaks a breathless utter fear?
I shrink back, shuddering and appalled,
From these dim shadows here.

The fawn leaves wreath me yet,
But lo! this wound deep in my side,
These nail-prints in my feet and hands
As of one crucified.

Far off the surging tide
And endless wash of stricken souls
That press with hollow laughing cries
To shameful goals.

What new sight curses me,
That, crept apart, I pity them?
With hopeless love call out in tears
Across Jerusalem?

Was it not yesterday
That, stung with passion and obscene,
I leaped with all that maddened throng,
Crowned with leafy green?

CUJUS ANIMAM
GEMENTEM.

CHARITY SOULS.



FRANCIS
JAMMES.

Translated from
the French by
A. Lenalle.

WILBUR
UNDERWOOD.

POLITE . . .

LETTERS . . .

Statues and public monuments—

They have never done any harm; even the worst of them add something to the slovenly squares and shabby streets; and though it be in a crude, unlovely way, they maintain in this shockingly democratic land some ideas of hierarchy and of the supremacy of talent. It looks as though anarchy would soon cover Europe with statues. The anarchists are the makers of statues, as they are the makers of saints. Caserio Santo was the real sculptor of the statue to Carnot, and the pale Angiolillo, who stabbed Canovas, dowered him with a statue—not bronze, for Spain is poor—



Strange, defiant lovers of death, these anarchists, who will bend the knee neither in the house of God nor in the house of Rimmon; who venerate the Madonna Anarchy with the faith that was given of old to her whose blue robe was 'broidered with gilt stars and in whose arms the child lay smiling. They are sad and they are sincere and they are the martyrs of the faith. They pray—and an Italian stabs; they cry aloud—and on them and on their flesh and on their bones the Laves take vengeance. They are poor and hungry and cold, the pitiable victims of love for their fellow men, martyred victims of an altruism that is neither to loose nor to hold. These lean and famished Christs, who die for love of the humanity that spits upon them and gives them hyssop and thorns!



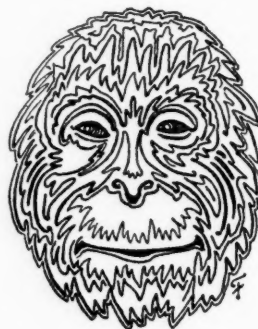
There is so little good English written in these days! Since the invention of reading and the growth among the lower classes of the fatal habit of reading, the tendency in literature is to appeal more and more to the eye and less and less to the ear. The newspaper has come in with its flaring types, its clamour of pictures; its shameless makeshifts for the indolent thinker. And the beauty of words is unconsidered. Even poetry is written for the eye—not the ear. The verse writers trick their thoughts in spasmodically arranged lines, in the coarse spangles of dialects and slang, in any immodest posturing of syllables that will attract the eye—deboshed poets like Whitcomb Riley.

*I weep those dead lips, white and dry,
On which no kisses lie,
Those eyes deserted of desire,
And love's soft fire.*

*I weep the folded feet and hands,
Held fast in linen bands;
Still heart, cold breasts—for
them my dole;
God hath the soul.*

(A little song by V. T.)

One may not approve of political bosses; one might not unwillingly see Croker and Platt and Quay and all the rest of them sent back to their kennels; yet there is now and again a distinct public benefit in the victory of a boss—as when Quay's victory in Pennsylvania meant defeat for that whimpering, canting Pecksniff of politics, John Wanamaker. He and the hypocrites of his kind do more to degrade American life and politics and, as well, religion, than all the thieves and bullies of public life.



The Republic of Effick, which lies between the Blue Seas, made war upon the rotting kingdom of Livor. The president of the republic was a dark and weak man. His spirit was confused. His counsellors urged, "This day we must give battle," and other counsellors said, "It is better to wait," and meanwhile the idle army rotted and the fever burned it. The president of the republic bit his fingers and knew not what to do. At last he said: "I will retire to my own chamber and think upon this matter." When he came to his own room, there sat his wife. She sat at a little table playing solitaire. When the president of the Republic of Effick spoke to her, a fit of epilepsy seized her and her poor, thin hands closed upon the pack of cards with a grip of iron as her nerves and muscles twittered and strained in the fit. A half dozen cards fluttered loose to the table and lay there face up. The fit of epilepsy passed out of the woman. She bent over the table and studied the cards and read them cannily, and told the president of the republic what the future should be and what he should do. Calm and stern and resolute the president of the republic returned to his counsellors and he said: "I have studied the situation and I have pondered and I have decided—it is better to wait."

The army lay in the idle tents and rotted and the fever burned it—for this was the decree of the cards that fell from the hands of the epileptic woman.

(There are men of whom it is calumny to tell the truth.)

Lingwood Evans is almost the only American writer (and he an exile) who glorifies energy. He sings the pæan of the ecstasy of power. He exploits the salutary beauty of egotism. He has translated Schopenhauer's truckling and cowardly Will-Not-to-Be into a magnificent Will-to-Power. In one of his grave prefaces he describes a murder he saw done: "He drove the knife in so deep that hand and hilt dinted the fellow's flesh . . . it was superb; there was energy there." This poet, I fancy, holds the reasonable theory that there is nothing good save the will-to-power, and nothing bad save weakness. This is excellent, intellectual seed, and I doubt not it will germinate.

*The modern maiden is almost irritatingly free from the fierce tempers which shook the women of former generations.—
The London Globe.*

Time was when the brains were out, the man died; *on a changé tout cela*—now he is made the editor of a London newspaper. Only one quite brainless could have put forth this libel. There is not a word of truth in it. Our women are just as fierce and hot and destructive of temper as ever women were. The modern American maiden is often so shaken by fierce tempers that unobservant wayfarers have mistaken her for an aspen tree. As to the modern maidens of London—

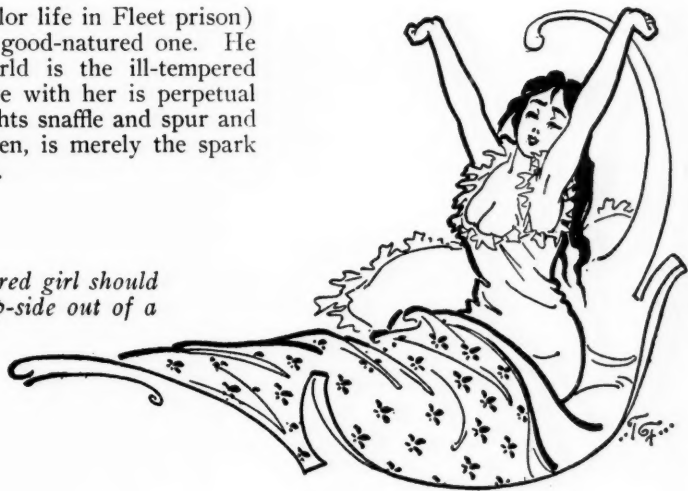
I should like to introduce the editor of the *Globe* to a very modern maiden of St. John's Wood, whose fierce temper kicked out the entire side of a brougham. It was my brougham, too.

* * *

Doctor Maginn used to say (leading an honest bachelor life in Fleet prison) that the next best thing to a really good woman was a good-natured one. He knew nothing about it. The best woman in the world is the ill-tempered woman—the jade full of angers and Greek fire. To live with her is perpetual sherris. It is like riding a mettlesome, full horse that fights snaffle and spur and yet carries you to your journey's end. Love, my children, is merely the spark struck out by the contact of two ill-tempered personalities.

* * *

Not even the palest, most equable, best-natured girl should despair. Some day she, too, may kick the whip-side out of a hundred guinea brougham.



WHERE THE BLACK MASS WAS HEARD.

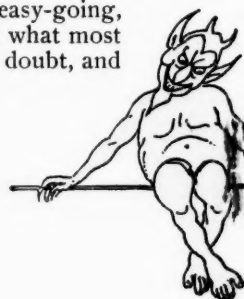


I am not a diabolist. I am a Roman Catholic. I have read Huysmans and I do not believe he ever saw half they say he did. Yet I, and in steady, sober Philadelphia, have seen things, have heard things, that would make mad the group of Parisian occultists. I dislike publicity, but Vance Thompson has asked me to relate the story, and so I mean to give it, names and all, with the faint hope that it may serve as a warning to amateur astrologists, callow devil worshippers and all the younger generation affected by the writings of impious men, charlatans and scoundrels. More than ten years ago I was the organist of a Roman Catholic church in the lower part of my city—Philadelphia. I had studied the instrument in Germany, believed in God and his only prophet, Johann Sebastian Bach. I played and pedalled fugues on week days for my own pleasure and on Sundays executed with unction easy masses by Bordon, Mercadante and Haydn; my choir was not an ambitious one. The *stipendium* was small, the work light and the two priests of the establishment good fellows. One, a German, Father Oelschläger, was the rector. His assistant was an Irishman with French blood in his veins. His name—shall I ever forget his name and face?—was Father Drady; Moreau Drady, in full. He was crazy about music and occultism. The former he made no secret of, the latter I only discovered after a long acquaintance. Drady came to the organ loft when I practiced week days and sang a little and feasted much on Bach chorales. Urged often to visit his room, I did so, and he showed me rare black letter missals and later the backs of a number of old books whose titles I could not decipher. I am no Latinist, yet I knew these volumes were written neither in Latin nor Greek. The characters I had never seen before, and when I remarked their strangeness, Father Drady smiled and even laughed as I quoted Poe, "the volumes of the Magi—in the iron bound melancholy volumes of the Magi."

Music led us to discuss religion, and my friend astonished me by his erudition. His sensitive features would become illuminated when he spoke of the strange tales of the Talmud. "Oh, my God!" he would cry with a patibulary gesture. "Why hast thou not vouchsafed us more light?" and then would beg for Bach, and on the mighty stream of the D minor fugue his harassed mind seemed to float and find comfort. As time wore on he grew morbid, morose, reticent and devoted himself to his dull duties with a fanaticism that was almost harsh. The parishioners noticed it, and his reputation for saintliness increased. His confessional was always crowded and his sermons remarkable for the acerbity, the awful pictures he made of the sufferings of the damned and of the relentlessness of God's wrath. His superior, good natured and fat Father Oelschläger, bade the other to look at the cheerful side of the question, to believe more in God's mellowness and sweetness, and would quote Cardinal Newman's "Lead, Kindly Light" and certain comforting texts from scriptures, and then drink his beer and smoke his pipe. But the ascetic temperament of Drady barred all attempts at palliation or attenuation of the God of Hosts, of the God who laid low the pride and shame of Sodom and Gomorrah. Life to him was a sore to be cleansed, a cancer to be extirpated, and he confessed to me one night after rehearsal that he had almost doubted God's existence and courted suicide after reading Renan's "Vie de Jesus." I suggested change of scene, less strenuous labors, above all plenty of the world, the theatre and athletics. All advice availed not, and I saw that Father Drady was fast becoming a monomaniac. His sermons during the hot summer were devoted to the personality of the devil, to his corporeal existence, to his daily presence in the marts of mankind, and so constant was his harping on this theme that Father Oelschläger had to forbid him the subject. "*Es ist so warm mein kind!*" Why then do you hold forth on hell? Let the poor people hear more of the crystal rivers, the green meads of Judea. It will be more seasonable." Drady frowned, but obeyed his superior.

With the autumn and winter his habits became more secretive, his visits to me less frequent and his air of detachment most melancholy. Advent saw him a mere wraith of a man, worn by speculation, devoured by an interior flame, a flame that was wasting his very soul to thinness and despair. He seldom conversed with me, although I watched him anxiously and occasionally interrogated him regarding his health. At last I spoke to his associate, but encountered an easy-going, philosophic spirit, which assured me Father Drady was going through what most young priests should. He was at the period of unfaith, was nettled by doubt, and after he had wrestled with Satan, won the good fight, he would again become normal. This seemed consoling, but vague.

The day before Christmas I promised my mother that I would not send a substitute to play the midnight mass at the church. She was pious and I respected her wishes, for I loved and revered her. Our church was the only one in Philadelphia where the old-fashioned mass at twelve o'clock Christmas eve was cele-



brated—perhaps you recognize it now? It is located near the prison, and my journey was a long one, for I lived uptown. I ate a six o'clock supper and went to bed, telling my mother to arouse me at quarter before eleven. I wished to be fresh for the early service. By eleven I was out on the street, and took a Tenth street car bound south. I reached the church in time, and soon the solemn High Mass began. My choir had with elaborate care prepared Cherubini's mass, and despite the poor organ, the extra chorus and much enthusiasm made some effect. The congregation was attentive, and Father Oelschläger delivered a short, happy sermon, urging his flock to rejoice at the birth of the Babe of Bethlehem, Jesus the Infant Christ uncrucified, but newly born into a world of toil and sin for our redemption. At the consecration of the host the good rector's beaming faith was most edifying. He was served by Father Drady, a melancholy deacon indeed. "*Ite Misse Est*" pronounced, the faithful dismissed, I was overjoyed at the release, for I was tired. The choir chatted about the service, the singing, and at last I was alone. I placed the music books back in the tall Gothic cupboard, shut up the manuals of my instrument and put on my overcoat. It must have been half past one, perhaps quarter of two, and I relished the prospect of my arrival home, where my dear, good mother would be awaiting me with a warm breakfast, and then once more to bed, for I had to play the regular half past ten o'clock Christmas mass for the benefit of the sleepy ones, who loved their couch better than their Christ.

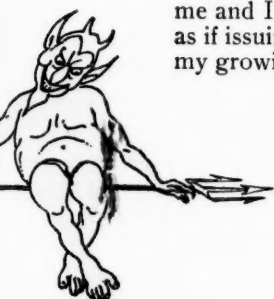
Father Drady met me at the bottom of the choir loft steps. He was dressed for the streets, his eyes were blazing, and as he took my arm his fingers were vise-like. "Will you come with me?" he asked. I was startled. I explained that I would not have much rest, nor should he waste his sleeping time on the dismal cold streets; besides, I was hungry. I feared that he was about to deluge me with more of his studies in the customs of the early Gnostics, and to be quite frank, I was worn out and not in a receptive humor for such untoward cryptic wisdom. Any other time—"Will you come with me?" he reiterated, and the clutch on my arm became oppressive. "Where?" I asked, for I hated to affront a friend. "Will you come with me?" By this time the church was quite empty, and I pushed out into the street. It was dark and it was snowing hard. We walked toward Eleventh street, and as we neared the corner I heard the lucky sound of a horse-car—there were no trolleys then. I excused myself and ran, caught the car; the priest following, sat down beside me. I paid both fares, and as I had nothing to say we preserved a sad silence. The mean light, the deserted streets, the lonely car and the muffled strokes of the horses hoofs on the snow gave me a chill of the soul. I looked sideways at Father Drady. He was reading a big parchment-covered book, which I saw by the dim lamplight was entitled "*Le Satanisme*," by Jules Bois. I was shocked. A priest fresh from the holy sacrifice of the mass devouring the awful blasphemies that I was sure were in the grewsome volume, alarmed my piety. Presently he saw me and shut its leaves. "There are curious things in it, my dear friend," he muttered, and his voice came from across a waste of sorrow. "Curious things; but you are a believer, are you not?" he eagerly repeated. "I am," I replied devoutly, and I crossed myself. He fairly jumped at me, his eyes wide open and full of devouring flames. "Will you come with me?" he almost screamed, and for the fourth time. "Spruce street," called out the conductor, and rather than let my half mad companion alone—he must surely have been mad—I left the car with him, the conductor gazing after us with smiling eyes. He took us for belated revellers.

We walked slowly down Spruce street to Fourth, up Fourth, past Locust, to Willings Alley, and then I stopped. "Saint Joseph's Church is not open yet; they do not have Christmas service until five o'clock." For the last time my companion whispered, "Will you come with me?" and pushing past me struck three times on the big doors. A small postern gate opened at once and we entered the vaulted passageway. I trembled with the strangeness of the adventure and held fast to Drady, for it was pitch black, and while I heard soft footfalls beside me—the footfalls of an unknown man—I could not see my hand before my face. We must have traversed a long court or inclosed yard, for the wind blew freely about me and I heard it playing on the housetops like a balloon in distress. Yet it felt as if issuing from a sepulchre, and my heart went to my empty stomach. Even in my growing terror I craved for coffee. Its aroma would have made me strong for this inhuman cruise. We went down eleven steps—I counted them—my conductors on either side of me. Dampness and malodors warned me of our proximity to some ancient cellarage, some forgotten catacombs, wherein Father Drady expected to give me a sacerdotal surprise, a revival perhaps of an antique and early Christian ritual. I feebly applauded his intentions, but wished he had chosen some other time and that the surroundings had been less sinister.



When I saw the devil I found him earnest, thorough, deep, solemn; he was the spirit of gravity—through him all things fall.

M. Jules Bois is one of the clever young Hebrew writers of Paris. If he should walk into your drawing room, clad in the blue cloak of a Galilean fisherman, you might easily mistake him for one of the early disciples—this young pale Jew with the mystic eyes.



The Devil's
Cyclopedia
'18.

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4	6	8
9	2	7



"I knew it long ago that the devil would play me a trick. Now he draggeth me unto hell; art thou going to hinder him?"

"On my honour, friend," Zarathustra answered, "what thou speakest of does not exist; there is no devil nor hell. Thy soul will be dead even sooner than thy body; henceforward fear nothing."



The first nation among whom these infernal practices were found were the Chaldeans; qui contemplatione creaturarum cognovit Creatorem, said Sir Walter Raleigh.

JAMES GIBBONS
HUNEKER.

At last we paused, went down another flight of steps—this time I didn't count them, for the cold was intense, and it was with positive relief that we suddenly arrived in a dimly lighted and warm chapel. It was empty, devoid of pews, of chairs, of furnishings of any sort, except at the upper end, where was reared what appeared to be a small votive altar. Before it swung a lamp of Byzantine workmanship, in which burned a solitary tongue of yellow flame. The lamp swayed rhythmically, and on the altar were two tall tapers, lighted and perfumed. And then my eyes rested on the spot where the tabernacle, surmounted by the gold cross, should have been. Judge of my conservation when I saw, saw as distinctly as I see the pen which traces these letters, a huge bronze serpent, with glistening, overlapping, metallic scales. The eyes of this python were almost feminine, and their regard gentle, reproachful and voluptuous. My knees bent beneath me and my face was wet with fright.

"You are a believer, then?" crooned a dull voice in my ear. It was Drady. He had thrown off his outer wrap and was in a black *soutane*. He was white with

emotion and said in tenderest accents: "Listen; be my friend. Do not desert me at the crisis of my life. It is to be my first mass, my first *three o'clock mass*. My deacon is already at the altar. Be the solitary worshipper. It will be a low mass—remember, a low mass!" He spoke clearly, rapidly, sanely, and seeing that I had something more than a lunatic to deal with, I removed my overcoat and knelt down near the altar just as Father Drady ascended its steps, his assistant holding the end of his black canonicals. If it had not been for the apparition of the serpent I might have fancied that I was assisting at the lonely, pious vigil of a parochial curate. But the eyes of the serpent devoured mine and I had none for the two silhouetted figures that went through with febrile velocity the familiar pantomime of the mass. It was low mass, and from the *Introit* to the Preface the space was scarcely appreciable. I heard mumblings, and the air grew chillier as the celebrants moved and bowed or extended arms. The air grew colder and seemed to become denser and tenser. It vibrated like the wires of a monstrous zither, and my temples throbbed as if in the midst of a magnetic storm. I felt that I was nearing a great catastrophe, that God had abandoned his universe to its wicked will, and that I must sob, or scream, or pray, or die, or be damned forever, or—the tap of the silvery little bell was as if a sweet summer air had swum over my agitated soul. It was the bell that announced the solemn moment when God became man, when the divine spirit, by the miracle of transubstantiation, become flesh and blood.

In an ecstasy of faith, of awe, I plunged on my face and adored and wept, and a mighty wind swept from the altar with strange moanings and lamentings, and the lights were extinguished, yet there was a luminous fog, which enfolded us, and in it I saw the great serpent, symbol of wisdom, symbol of eternity, reared spirally aloft, and beneath it—O, beneath it!—was the Beatific Vision. In swelling nimbus of flame stood the mother of God, and holding the hand of Him, of the Infant, Jesus, born but three hours, and—O, the horror of it!—not *my* Christ, not *our* Christ, not the Christ of the Christians, but a Christ from some foetid Hell, sent to seduce us, curse us, destroy us! My eyes almost burst from their sockets, and the humming of hell's loom roared about me as I met the gaze—of the Woman. And now her eyes were the serpent's eyes, and on her head was the crown of hell and its multiple kingdoms. She was naked, and set against her full breasts were sharp swords. She was *Mater Malorum*, and her breath sowed discord, lust and cruel red murder. I yearned to pronounce the name of the mother of God, to bid this blinding vision, this damnable vision, vanish, but my tongue was like wet twine and my sight blistered by the Pageantry of Satan, of Satan and his Dam. And as I struggled the silvery little bell tapped once more, and in a fading perspective I saw the Madonna and the Child give me such a sweet, beseeching glance that my heart dissolved within me, and I cried aloud, my tongue snapping in the roof of my mouth:

"Mary, Mother of God, preserve us from the Devil and all his Works." A withering streak of light struck my eyeballs, and I glimpsed the serpent falling to earth with distended jaws, whilst two priestly figures reeled off the altar steps, and in the brassy clangour of despair we fell, all three, on our backs, and swooning blackness shut down upon us like hot smothering velvet.

It was still dark when solicitous hands lifted me to my feet; my coat was thrown about my shoulders, and I was hurried in shivering gloom to the street. The other one disappeared at the little postern gate, and parting on the outside, with damp, hot hands, and face plastered with hideous passion, the priest said to me, in a cracked voice:

"You have seen *my* God, the only true God of Hell, of Heaven and of Earth!"



THE ATHANASIAN CREED.

There was a woman went up and down
The gaslit streets of the sordid town,
And, "Dear God!" the woman prayed one night,
"Hast Thou safe-guarded me aright?
"I came from Thee a baby soul,
"Moon white, snow white, blown moon and snow—
"Nor have I lived in this world long,
"Yet day and night my life drifts low
"Into deeper shame and sadder wrong.
"Dear God! I know the kiss and the blow
"And all things evil—and my soul
"Is flecked with infamy and dole.
"Dear God! I cry to Thee this night,
"Hast Thou done right? Hast Thou done right?"

'Twas high in heaven the dear God heard
Her prayer (the piping of a bird),
And as the chill wind drifts abroad
The Word came down to her from God:
"A little wool white soul I sent
"You down from heaven's white battlement,
"And gave you home and hearth and kin
"And love to cradle your life in—
"Gave to you lips to kiss your face
"And baby lips to grope for grace
"And comfort at your breasts—I gave
"The little hands to grope and save."

From the bricked streets, the city's throng,
The sneering clamour of the town,
She cried: "Dear God, my life drifts down
"To darker shame and harsher wrong—
"Down, down, I drift—the blow is past
"And there are only kisses now—
"Burned kisses on the mouth and brow—
"How long must the fierce kisses last?
"How long, dear God, how long? Is there
"No death to come when called by prayer?
"How long, how long, Lord God?"

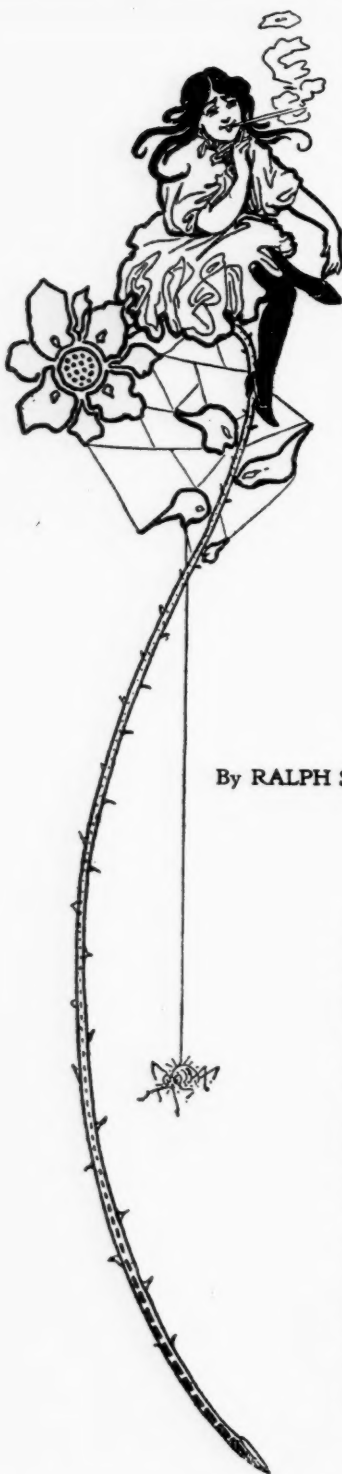
'Twas high
In heaven the dear God heard her cry,
And underneath His feet the throne
Rang as when iron beats on stone:
"Is there not Christ? Is there not One?
"Have I not given you My Son?
"Kneel! as that sainted Magdalen,
"Who knelt and found her Saviour then!"

Lo, up from the sordid town there came
The woman's urgency, like flame—
"The Christ? Your Son? Dear God, in prayer
"I kneeled down at His cross and spilt
"My shame and agony and guilt
"As Mary spilled the spikenard there;
"I raised my eyes that I might see
"The Christ's face and the pardon—God!
"There was no Christ, no cross for me,
"Only the Christ made Man —"



By VANCE THOMPSON.

THE VICTOR DIES.



By RALPH SOMERVILLE.

A PROSE MASTER OF FRANCE.

JAMES GIBBONS

HUNEKER.

From East and North the vanquished
Spent hosts of Night have fled,
And none may heed his honor—
For she, their queen, is dead.

And none may help the wounded,
Half blind in death's distress,
And none may raise the fallen,
For close their fell foes press.

The proud, pale stars crowd panting
Into their still retreats,
And swing the cloud-barred gates to
That guard their city streets.

Through moon-kissed keep and castle
Echoes the sentry's tread;
Through halls white whispers wander,
Breathing—"Queen Night is dead."

And from the last, lone outpost
Far in the hard won west
Spurs in the last survivor
With shattered sword and crest.

And now across the heavens
The conquering armies sweep;
And now they seize the bastion!
And now they storm the keep!

Now fall the last gates crashing!
And Night's once proud array
Lies fettered in the dungeons
Of their new sovereign—Day.

The maker of a great style, a lyric poet who selected as an instrument the "other harmony of prose," a master of characterization and the creator of several imperishable volumes, Gustave Flaubert at the close of his century is a more formidable figure than ever. Never was the life of a genius so barren of content—never had there been, seemingly, such a waste of force. In forty years only four completed books, three tales and an unfinished volume; a sort of *Satyricon* and a lexicon of stupidity—what else is "*Bouvard et Pécuchet*"? The outlay of power was just short of the phenomenal, and this Colossus of Croisset—one falls into superlatives when dealing with him—this man tormented by an ideal of style, a man who formed a whole generation of writers, is only now coming into his kingdom. In his correspondence the most facile, the most impersonal, the least impassable of artists; in his work he is most concentrated, objective and reticent. There never has been in French prose such a densely spun style, the web fairly glistening with the idea. But of opacity there is none. Like one of those marvellous tapestries woven in the hidden East, the clear woof of Flaubert's *motif* is never obscured or tangled. George Moore declares "*L'Education Sentimentale*" as great a work as "*Tristan und Isolde*." It is the polyphony, the magical crossings, recrossings, the interweaving of the subject and the long, elliptical, thematic loops made with such consummate ease that command admiration. Flaubert was above all a musician, a musical poet. The ear was his final court of appeal, and to make sonorous cadences in a language that lacks essential richness—it is without the great diapason undertow of the Anglo-Saxon—was short of the miraculous. Until Chateaubriand and Victor Hugo's time the French tongue was rather a formal pattern than a plastic, liquid collocation of sounds. They blazed the path of Flaubert, and he, with almost Spartan restraint and logical mind made the language richer, still more flexible, more musical, more polished and precise. The word and the idea were indissolubly associated, a perfect welding of matter and manner. Omnipresent with him was the musician's idea of composing a masterpiece that would float by sheer style, a masterpiece unhampered by an idea. The lyric ecstasy of his written speech o'ermastered him. He was a poet as was De Quincy, as was Pater, as was Poe. It was the modulation of his style to his themes that caused him inconceivable agony. Where a man of equal gifts, but of less exacting conscience, would have calmly written and at length, letting style go free in his pursuit of theme, Flaubert sought to overcome the antinomianism of his material. He wrote "*La Tentation de Saint Antoine*," and its pages sing with golden throats; but transpose this style to the lower key of "*L'Education Sentimentale*," and we find the artist maddened by the incongruity of surface and subject! In "*Madame Bovary*," with its symphonic descriptions, Flaubert's style was happily mated, while in the three tales he is absolutely flawless. Then came "*Bouvard et Pécuchet*," and here his most ardent lover feels the sag of the superb stylistic curve. The book is a mound of pitiless irony, yet but a mound, not a living organism. Despite its epical breadth there is something inhuman, too, in the Homeric harmonies of "*Salammbô*."

With the young wind of the twentieth century blowing backward in our face it is hardly necessary to pose Flaubert academically. His greatness consists in his not being speared by any literary camp. The romanticists claimed him. They were right. The realists declared

that he was their leader, and the extreme naturalists, the men of manure and mediocrity, cried up to him, "O Master!" They were all wise. Something of the idealist, of the realist is in Flaubert, but he was never the *doctrinaire*. Temperamentally he was a poet. Masked epilepsy made him a pessimist. With a less cramped *milieu* he might have accomplished more, but he would have lost as a writer. It was his fanatical worship of form that ranks him as the greatest artist in fiction the world has ever had. Without Balzac's invention, without Turgenev's tenderness, without Tolstoi's broad humanity, he nevertheless outstrips them all as an artist. It is his music that will live when his themes are rusty with the years; it is his glorious vision of the possibilities of formal beauty that has made his work classical. You may detect the heart beat in Flaubert if your ear is finely attuned to his harmonies. A despiser of the facile triumph, of the appeal sentimental, he reminds one more of Brahms than Wagner; a Brahms informed by a passion for rhetoric. There are pages of Flaubert that you linger over for the melody, for the evocation of dim landscapes, for the burning hush of noon. In the presence of passion he showed his ancestry. He became the surgeon, not the sympathetic nurse, as is the case with most of his contemporaries. He studied the amorous malady with great, cold eyes. His passions were all intellectual. He had no patience with conventional sentimentality. And how clearly he saw through the hypocrisy of patriotism, the false mouthing of politicians! A small literature has been modelled after his portrait of the discontented demagogues in "L'Education Sentimentale." The grim humour of that famous meeting of the "Club of Intellect" set Turgenev off into huge peals of laughter. It is incredibly lifelike. A student of detail, Flaubert gave the imaginative lift to all he wrote. His was a winged realism, and in "Madame Bovary" we are continually confronted with evidences of his idealistic power. Content to create a small gallery of portraits he wreaked himself in giving them adequate expression, in investing them with vitality, with characteristic coloring, with everything but charm. Flaubert has not the sympathetic charm of his brother-at-arms, Ivan Turgenev. In private life a man of extraordinary magnetism, his bonze-like suppression of all personal traits in his books tells us of his martyrdom to a lofty theory of style. He sacrificed his life to art, and an unheeding, ungrateful generation first persecuted and then passed him by. It is the very tragedy of literature that a man of robust individuality, handsome, flattered and wealthy, should retire for life to a room overlooking the Seine, near Rouen, and there wrestle with the seven devils of rhetoric. He subdued, made them bond-slaves, but wore himself out in the struggle. He tried to extort from his instrument music that was not in it. What he might have done with the organ-toned English language after so triumphantly mastering the *technique* of the French keyboard—a genuine pianoforte keyboard—we may imagine. His name is one of the glories of French literature, and in these times of scamped workmanship, when the cap and bells of cheap historical romance or the evil smelling weed of the dialect novel are choking fiction, the figure of the great Frenchman is at once a refuge and an evocation.



THE UNIVERSE IS IN YOUR CORONAL OF HAIR.



May I breathe long, long time the perfume of your tresses, plunge my face eagerly in them, as one o'ercome with thirst drinks from a cool spring, and waft them with my hands like a fragrant handkerchief that fills the air with its sweet presence.

Could you but know all that I see! all my emotions; all that I divine in this, your hair! My soul drifts out upon its fragrance as that of others upon the wings of music.

Your hair—it evokes a vision of sails and masts; great seas whose storm waves drive me towards balmy climates, where the sky is bluer and deeper, the air heavy with odorous fruits and foliage, and the emanations of perfumed bodies.

In the ocean of your hair (dear God, your hair!) I catch glimpses of a harbor echoing with grief-laden song; filled with hardy men of all nations, and vessels of all shapes silhouetting their fine, intricate lines against a vast expanse of sky where dwells unending warmth.

In the indolent caresses of your locks I recall the languors of slow hours passed upon a divan in the stateroom of the steamer (rocked by the lazy swell of the harbor), among the flowers and the chilled water jars.

Wrapped in the shining meshes of your hair I breathe the odors of fragrant tobacco mixed with opium; in the dark night of your tresses I see the infinite azure of the tropics blaze out anew; I revel in the incense of their velvety masses.

Let me linger in the heavy strands of their sombreness. When I kiss your supple and rebellious hair I seem to encompass the memories of the Past.

BAUDELAIRE.



MR. CROSBY



AND

In "War Echoes" Mr. Ernest Howard Crosby has made an eloquent and not unpoetic plea for peace. His ideal is the old Galilean ideal of humility and fatuous equality. He still believes—in this day!—in the platitudes of Thomas Jefferson. Almost all those who preach the gospel of the smitten cheek and prattle the catch-words of equality and altruism are hypocrites; Mr. Crosby seems to be sincere—sincere as Tostoi—pitifully sincere; he is a dupe of the monstrous doctrine that the meek inherit the earth—that old slave-cant of a civilization that is, one may trust, definitely past.

Mr. Crosby has read Lingwood Evans; has he read that other masterful Australian, Henry Lawson?

We fight like women and feel as much,
The thoughts of our hearts we guard—
Where scarcely the scorn of a god could touch,
The sneer of a fool hits hard;
The treacherous tongue and the cowardly pen,
The weapons of curs, decide—
They faced each other and fought like men
In the days when the world was wide.

The world is getting narrower, but not yet need we abandon ordinary modes of speech in order to bleat like lambs.

MR. JAMES.

After the crabbed and involved polyphony of "In the Cage"—hard reading for the most fanatical James-ite—the new volume containing two stories came like a whiff of the eternal verities. In "The Two Magics" Mr. Henry James has found himself, has emerged from his strenuous battle with syntax and the smell of dried apples and has floated us far on the firm pinions of his delicate, subtle imagination. Never in the history of the supernatural has such a story been written as "The Turn of the Screw." Hawthorne would have envied it, it makes clumsy the allegory of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and the magic lantern slides of Kipling's East Indian "bogies" are coarse by comparison. Never have I read such a tale of unrelieved horror. Guy De Maupassant's "Horla" is the merest fringe of the awful when set against the moral gloom of "The Turn of the Screw." All other stories of apparitions become attenuated in its presence.

Mr. James' magnificent New England conscience and his equally magnificent art are the factors in the creation of a dread imagining which concerns the soul poisoning of two lovely children by two depraved spooks. Anything more morbid would be hard to conceive. Yet the treatment is never morbid; it is uplifting, almost comforting, and comfort the reader needs in the terrifying flashes of an evil beyond that the writer gives us. Just what is the lesson of the master in this powerful allegory I cannot pretend to say. Immensely moral it is as is "What Maisie Knew," only Maisie herself would be aghast at the subterranean depths revealed in the nature of little Flora and Miles.

The other "Magic" is called "Covering End," and is in Mr. James' happiest manner. The touch is a Meredithian *staccato*, while the gayety, ingenuity and wit make one sorrow for a stage so in bondage to mediocrity that it refuses tribute to such a master of high comedy as Mr. Henry James. The great American novel may not yet be written, but the great American novelist is in existence!



This is a book of curious self-revelation. It was written by Laurette Nisbet Boykin. She was a woman who had studied and loved and glittered; then neurasthenia laid her on her bed, and for a year she died a little each day. In the drift of monotonous hours she studied herself—and of her moods and fancies she made this strange book, which is a hybrid of plant and ghost. Read here:

"It interested me to watch the rhythms of sickness, its musical intervals of mood, its action and reaction. The beautiful laws can be studied in a sick room as well as out under the anti-septic sky. I observed that— Half an hour after breakfast every morning I waxed cheerful. Half an hour before dark every afternoon I waned sad. In the morning I thought— What a handsome and amiable world! How succulent with nitrogenous food! And, as another invalid once said, my bones felt sweeter to me. In the afternoon I thought— How difficult it is to live! How sad are the inexorable conditions of this, our life, feeding, as it does, upon toil and pain and death! And then my bones would grate. . . . Thus I would devise a chromatic scale of pain-color, including all my shades of discomfort.

There was the scarlet pain, a red-hot agony; steel-blue pain, which was incisive like a knife; gray pain, a leaden ache; black pain that stood for a bruised feeling; green pain, a deathly sensation; indigo pain, which I presume must have been the blues, collected to the region of the spine; violet pain, or an exquisite tenderness to touch; iridescent pain, felt in the changeful flutter of the heart. Everything is relative; and these ridiculous chromatics practiced upon a vibrating nervous system, gave me more stimulus than many a

Laurette
Nisbet
Boykin



wearying pleasure. . . .

At other times pain awakened the sensibilities of the heart, and I would feel myself dissolving with compassion toward those who suffered. I heard the march of the great army of pain-bearers sounding down Time; and my heart warmed to my comrades with an almost cosmic sympathy. They, like me, had accepted the order of life.

They and I knew, at last, that the secret of all things is Pain. . . . A sense of unmitigated loss bore down like the rain, blotting the color out of everything. . . . I was, indeed, altogether accustomed to spinning my shroud, for I was born ancient and sad. As a child I had been literally haunted by my own ghost. . . . Now and then I slipped from my bed and walked round the room to try my strange, new feet. My surprise was great to find that the same body which had ached so long now felt flexible, alive and sweet, I moved with a touch of that audacious suavity which Alexander Salvini infuses into the role of Cirullio. I was wood and steel. But no longer a violin! No longer a dagger! As to my mind, it was clarified and at peace. In a word I was poised, for the first time in my mistaken existence I was pure Greek.

I deified the body. It filled me with happy animality to feel the blood sweeping warmly and evenly under the skin. Where was my spirituality, my nonsense, my festered egoism? What had become of my host of symptomatic vagaries? They had flown out of the window."

A sad and wonderful book — such pages as only a woman in whose life there was a daily beauty could write—and without a singularly subtle study of moods and nerves and pain.

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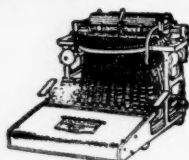
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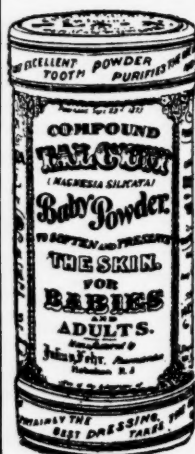
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Associate Editor.

